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Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 16, 1887.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Particular attention is invited to two features that distinguish The Globe from all other weekly newspapers—its Complete Congressional Record and its Complete Resume of Foreign News. It will pay you to keep a file of The Weekly Globe just for reference on either of these two subjects. Every week of 1887 there will be a full history of everything of importance that is done in Congress, or happens abroad. Particular attention is invited to the quantity and quality of the news of this issue, and to the new club rates.

NEW CLUB RATES.

By reading the first column of the fourth page you will see that you can have your own copy of WEEKLY GLOBE for one year, and you will send only four yearly subscribers and \$4. There is not a town in the United States where it is not easy to raise a club of four subscribers to so large, good, and cheap a weekly newspaper. Have you tried to form a club? If not, will you kindly secure four subscribers and get your own Globe for nothing? If you have no leisure your little boy or girl can form a club.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

By the death of Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER America and the world lose one of the foremost preachers of the time. His name has been a household word for more than half a century, and his power as a speaker has during all this period been phenomenal. From the day of the delivery of his first sermon in the rude little country church in the West, his control over an audience has been an acknowledged fact.

Of course, there is a difference of views concerning Mr. BEECHER's merits, but no one will deny to him an enthusiasm, earnestness and naturalness vouchsafed to few and exceeded in none. He believed in talking right at his audience, so to speak. He said what he had to say in language at once plain, clear and forceful. His power of illustration was wonderful, and the most difficult subjects were laid before his hearers with the vivid distinctness of a panorama. To him it was an easy matter to move the most staid audience to laughter or to tears. And in the use of this power Mr. BEECHER differed from most pulpit orators. He considered it perfectly proper to appeal to the risibilities of his congregation if by so doing he could more firmly implant an idea or secure closer attention to the serious application sure to follow.

But Mr. BEECHER was not less known on the public platform than in the pulpit. In fact, countless thousands have heard him lecture who never listened to his preaching. He was ever interesting, instructive and entertaining, and, up to the very last days of his life there was no limit to the number of calls which poured in upon him to assign dates at almost any prices which he chose to name.

Politically, Mr. BEECHER was a great power. His blows were direct and unsparring. There never was any doubt where he stood in an important campaign on any great issue, and his indomitable, backed by his eloquence, was a tower of strength. His voice, first lifted with mighty effect against slavery, was ever a source of trouble to his opponents and comfort to his friends. The vexed question concerning Mr. BEECHER's character may never be decided to the satisfaction of all. Opinions differ radically, and nothing which can at present be said will reconcile these differences. Laying this aside, however, we think that every candid man will concede to Mr. BEECHER the possession of very many noble, manly traits. He was frank and generous, sympathetic and kind, and performed a thousand and one little kindnesses of which people in general did not hear.

The world will miss HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE INCREASE OF INSANITY.

One of the most startling problems that confronts modern civilization is the sure and steady increase of insanity. So apparent is the growth of this unfortunate malady, so conspicuously does it show itself in the reality of statistics, that the time when all the world shall be a mad-house can be predicted with mathematical certainty. In every State of this Union, with the exception of Delaware, Florida and Nevada, some official provision has been made for the care of the helpless and piteous lunatics. All the States, with the exceptions named, have both public and private asylums—homes for the poor as well as for the rich insane—and in all these different institutions the methods pursued, the diet adopted, and the general treatment, more or less, are for the most part identical in character and results. But modern science, as a rule, has made but little progress in either preventing or curing insanity; and the high pressure living of modern times shows its natural effect in the increased population of all our retreats for the insane. In 1865, at the close of the war, Massachusetts had three public hospitals for the reception and care of lunatics. These three establishments comprised the original hospital of all at Worcester, opened in 1836, and still used for the purposes of an asylum for the insane; the second institution for the kind in the Commonwealth, at Taunton, opened in 1854, and still devoted to its original mission; and the Northampton Hospital, located remotely from the populous centres of the State, and opened for the treatment of patients in 1853. These three hospitals, superintended respectively by Doctors MERRICK, DEMIS, GEORGE C. CHAPMAN, and PERRY EATON, with a population in the State, at that time, of 1,250,000, contained 1200 lunatics, and for the most part were supported by the treasury of the State. In addition to these three public hospitals there were also a private institution, the McLean Asylum, at Somerville, the municipal hospital at South Boston, and the Essex county receptacle—which establishment, by the way, has been far from creditable to the county, at Ipswich. These three establishments housed an estimated insane population of 400, from all classes and con-

ditions of life, and demonstrated in a practical way that insanity is no respecter of persons.

Besides this estimated institution population there were hundreds of insane, idiotic and demented people cared for in the 343 cities and towns, many of whose names never saw the light of a census taker's blank, and who died as they had lived, as ignorant of the world as the world was ignorant of them. Twenty-two years have elapsed, and while private asylums have not increased in number, as there seems to be no necessity for such increase, the public institutions for the insane in Massachusetts have doubled in number and capacity, and the population of the State has only increased 50 per cent. The three hospitals of 1865, with their accommodations for patients taxed far beyond their ability to properly care for their people, are still in existence. In 1860 the first part of the receptacle, at Tewksbury, and since enlarged to the capacity of 300 patients, was constructed. Then came the two palatial structures at Worcester and Danvers, with a capacity of 500 patients each, supplied with all the modern appliances and devices for the amusement and relief of the insane, and which have recently been supplemented by the conversion of the State reform school buildings at Westboro into a hospital for this class of dependent, and which shall apply only the best and most modern methods of medical treatment. Here, then, since 1865, we have four large and capacious institutions, constructed in accordance with all the suggestions that the modern humanitarian felt called upon to present, and capable of housing at least 2000 people; and still it is said, by those familiar with the condition of these hospitals, that their capacity is crowded to a point which prevents proper and effective work, and that additional provisions will soon be required to meet the great demand from this constantly growing class of pauper insane? Where is the remedy? It cannot be found in additional buildings.

The paucity for this significant condition of things, as relates to the increase of insanity, does not wholly lie within the reach of legislation. Farther down than these superficial attempts to check the growth of insanity, the reformers in this crusade against "the mind disease" will be required to descend. It will be necessary to go back to the starting point of that young man, or that young woman, whose habits of life are already sowing the seed of this mental decay which is certain to terminate in a melancholy career in a most deplorable death. When, and what, Dr. SARGENT, General Howe, in his elaborate treatise upon vital statistics, was wont to call "poor, deteriorated stock," are largely responsible for this great augmentation in the ranks of insanity. High stimulants, with insufficient food, acting upon a constitution inherently weak, have produced 90 per cent. of all the lunacy that has presented itself as a mendicant at the doors of the State; and the lessons which a temperate and orderly living teaches, the inculcation of the virtue of sobriety, the enforcement of these practical truths by personal example—in short, the education of the rising generations in both mental and physical science—will prove more effective as a preventive against, and a check to, insanity than all the architectural piles that an over-indulgent Commonwealth could rear from now until the crack of doom.

H. J. MOULTON.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

It was not all fasting and penitence and "mortifying of the flesh," the season of Lent, in times gone by. There seems to have been not a little merry-making, forsooth, and a gladness welcoming of the early flowers; and the birds returning from summer scenes and warmer places, where they had kept up their practice, and, mayhap, brought back a clearer, brighter note or two. Rare BEN JONSON tells us that on Ash Wednesday the lads had a right jolly time; for what hearty real boy ever lived who did not delight in a cock-shy or the pelting of something with stones or sticks. So he says of one of his characters:—

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The boys of the sixteenth century were not much different from the boys of today. But farther back than that one can find pleasant proof that Lent was welcomed as the harbinger of the gracious gifts of nature and a promise of beauty in field and forest. True, there must have been some difference in the climate, some earlier coming of the mid-breathed spring than we now know. Does not the very word Lent, according to good authority, find its derivation from the Saxon "lenten," meaning the time when the days lengthen—that is, the spring time; or, if you choose, the German "leihen," meaning "to thaw," have we not still the same suggestion of change from winter's dreariness to the joyousness of the incoming milder days? Therefore, why should not the gentle crocus push her pretty head above the thinning snow, and when the winter garment is all worn out, why should not the grass be green and gracious to the sight, when Lent has come? In the thirteenth century—six hundred years ago, if you will think back that space of time—your poets did not always sing their contributions to the literature of the day. Yet they were full as loving and sweet-tempered in their lays as many who write now, and find their precious wares gold-mining and editorially acceptable. Here is a roundelay of the Lenten time, written somewhere about 1270-80. Is it not merry and pretty and gracious withal?

Lenten ye come with love to none.

With blossoms and with brides come none,
That all this blisse bringeth;
Doves-eyes in this dale,
Noses-ends of nightgales,
Uch foul song singeth,
The threelocke lily threteth oo.
A-way is hys wyter word,
We woldre wode springeth;
This foylet slougher byrte wyle,
An whyteth on hure wyter wyle,
That the woldre wyle singeth,
The rose rayeth hys rode,
The lily on the lythe wode,
The woxen all with wille,
The more mandeth hys blye,
The lily is lousen to see,
The fenyl an the fyle;
Woxes this wylde dale,
Nyses moweth hys make,
As streth that strytheth alle;
Mody moweth so do mo,
Doves doneth the dore,
For the woldre wyle singeth,
The more mandeth hys lyte,
So doth the seamy some bryte,
When brides sleight bryte,
Doves doneth the dore,
Dores with hure dore routes,
Dores dore routes,
Woxes woxeth under dore,
Woxen woxeth woxen proude,
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Perhaps to some readers the old English may not be familiar—indeed, some words are much in doubt among the very learned in the tongue of our long-gone ancestors. We

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Lent comes to town with love attending,
With blossoms and with brides come none blending.
All happiness they're bringing;
The daisies are in the dale,
Noses-ends of nightgales,
Each bird song singing.
Till tired the thrush puts on his lay,
His winter woe has passed away,
When woodroff is upspringing.
Full wondrous sing the birds their song
And glad the winter water not long
Sett all the wide wode ringing.

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It would be strange indeed if SHAKESPEARE made no allusion to Lent in his works, for what else would he then have omitted? And yet half a dozen times form his speaking of this holy season. Again, we have the merry-making, feasting or at least good provender, rather than fasting and churchly devotion. In "King Henry VI," Part II, Jack Cade promises Dick, the butcher of Ashford, as the reward for good killing, that "the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred, lacking one." So, it appears, the butcher's business was not to lessen much, in that flesh meat was to be avoided on the fast days. Mercutio has a merry word and a song about a Lenten pie—a hare pie, too, so fish still stands at a discount. Good Hostess Quickly makes fine excuse to Sir John Falstaff when he accuses her of breaking the law in "suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house," when she says, "All victuals do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?" Ah! but we must forgive her, for it was in the nature of her profession that she should, and quite the provision of nature, also. Pretty Maria in "Twelfth Night" classes one of the clown's quips as "a good Lenten answer," and, last of all, Kozernanz wonders to Prince Hamlet "if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you?" Then, the play before the court that was to "catch the conscience of the king" was given during Lent. A bad example to set the play-going public of Denmark, forsooth, but still a custom not unobserved in other climes in future times. Thus much we see, that Lent, as a preventive against, and a check to, insanity than all the architectural piles that an over-indulgent Commonwealth could rear from now until the crack of doom.

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The boys of the sixteenth century were not much different from the boys of today. But farther back than that one can find pleasant proof that Lent was welcomed as the harbinger of the gracious gifts of nature and a promise of beauty in field and forest. True, there must have been some difference in the climate, some earlier coming of the mid-breathed spring than we now know. Does not the very word Lent, according to good authority, find its derivation from the Saxon "lenten," meaning the time when the days lengthen—that is, the spring time; or, if you choose, the German "leihen," meaning "to thaw," have we not still the same suggestion of change from winter's dreariness to the joyousness of the incoming milder days? Therefore, why should not the gentle crocus push her pretty head above the thinning snow, and when the winter garment is all worn out, why should not the grass be green and gracious to the sight, when Lent has come? In the thirteenth century—six hundred years ago, if you will think back that space of time—your poets did not always sing their contributions to the literature of the day. Yet they were full as loving and sweet-tempered in their lays as many who write now, and find their precious wares gold-mining and editorially acceptable. Here is a roundelay of the Lenten time, written somewhere about 1270-80. Is it not merry and pretty and gracious withal?

Lenten ye come with love to none.

With blossoms and with brides come none,
That all this blisse bringeth;
Doves-eyes in this dale,
Noses-ends of nightgales,
Uch foul song singeth,
The threelocke lily threteth oo.
A-way is hys wyter word,
We woldre wode springeth;
This foylet slougher byrte wyle,
An whyteth on hure wyter wyle,
That the woldre wyle singeth,
The more mandeth hys lyte,
So doth the seamy some bryte,
When brides sleight bryte,
Doves doneth the dore,
Dores with hure dore routes,
Dores dore routes,
Woxes woxeth under dore,
Woxen woxeth woxen proude,
So wel hit woldre wyle,
Zel the woldre wyle on,
This wylde wyle y woldre for,
An whyteth woldre hys.

Perhaps to some readers the old English may not be familiar—indeed, some words are much in doubt among the very learned in the tongue of our long-gone ancestors. We

have therefore dared to attempt a modernized version of this little poem, endeavoring to keep as fairly close to the original as circumstances will allow:

Lent comes to town with love attending,
With blossoms and with brides come none blending.
All happiness they're bringing;
The daisies are in the dale,
Noses-ends of nightgales,
Each bird song singing.
Till tired the thrush puts on his lay,
His winter woe has passed away,
When woodroff is upspringing.
Full wondrous sing the birds their song
And glad the winter water not long
Sett all the wide wode ringing.

The rose puts on her hues all blooming,
The lily on the lythe wode,
The woxen all with wille,
The more mandeth hys blye,
The lily is lousen to see,
The fenyl an the fyle;
Woxes this wylde dale,
Nyses moweth hys make,
As streth that strytheth alle;
Mody moweth so do mo,
Doves doneth the dore,
For the woldre wyle singeth,
The more mandeth hys lyte,
So doth the seamy some bryte,
When brides sleight bryte,
Doves doneth the dore,
Dores with hure dore routes,
Dores dore routes,
Woxes woxeth under dore,
Woxen woxeth woxen proude,
So wel hit woldre wyle,
Zel the woldre wyle on,
This wylde wyle y woldre for,
An whyteth woldre hys.

Our poet repeats himself a wee bit, but who can blame him when his subjects are so inviting? The birds, the flowers, the green woods and oh! the pretty maidens! Such topics repeat themselves, and are still new and lovely to each recitation. Who, not childish, can but feel the grateful influence of the new-born spring, the fresh and fragrant new incense on the altar of the earth?

It would be strange indeed if SHAKESPEARE made no allusion to Lent in his works, for what else would he then have omitted? And yet half a dozen times form his speaking of this holy season. Again, we have the merry-making, feasting or at least good provender, rather than fasting and churchly devotion. In "King Henry VI," Part II, Jack Cade promises Dick, the butcher of Ashford, as the reward for good killing, that "the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred, lacking one." So, it appears, the butcher's business was not to lessen much, in that flesh meat was to be avoided on the fast days. Mercutio has a merry word and a song about a Lenten pie—a hare pie, too, so fish still stands at a discount. Good Hostess Quickly makes fine excuse to Sir John Falstaff when he accuses her of breaking the law in "suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house," when she says, "All victuals do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?" Ah! but we must forgive her, for it was in the nature of her profession that she should, and quite the provision of nature, also. Pretty Maria in "Twelfth Night" classes one of the clown's quips as "a good Lenten answer," and, last of all, Kozernanz wonders to Prince Hamlet "if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you?" Then, the play before the court that was to "catch the conscience of the king" was given during Lent. A bad example to set the play-going public of Denmark, forsooth, but still a custom not unobserved in other climes in future times. Thus much we see, that Lent, as a preventive against, and a check to, insanity than all the architectural piles that an over-indulgent Commonwealth could rear from now until the crack of doom.

H. J. MOULTON.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

It was not all fasting and penitence and "mortifying of the flesh," the season of Lent, in times gone by. There seems to have been not a little merry-making, forsooth, and a gladness welcoming of the early flowers; and the birds returning from summer scenes and warmer places, where they had kept up their practice, and, mayhap, brought back a clearer, brighter note or two. Rare BEN JONSON tells us that on Ash Wednesday the lads had a right jolly time; for what hearty real boy ever lived who did not delight in a cock-shy or the pelting of something with stones or sticks. So he says of one of his characters:—

—On an Ash Wednesday
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee.

The boys of the sixteenth century were not much different from the boys of today. But farther back than that one can find pleasant proof that Lent was welcomed as the

when she handed it to the conductor said to her, "No, thank you, ma'am. I'm one before I left this morning."

She looked and saw it was a fine-tooth comb. Unabashed, she asked, "Were successful?"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Warning.

(Julia P. Boynton in "Lines and Interlines," Ah, love her not! she is the bride of dream. Let if thou love and she should yield to this palm reluctant, thou shouldst notice this

Thine altar blessed void of fire divine
Than that a rival priesthood share the shrine
Thou seest the real, she the things that seem
Or if thou love, and she, for thy dear sake
Renounce her gift, be patient and be proud
She giveth more than most, and less than thou
Less than thou cravest, more than thou can
take.

Then She Reminds Him.
[Williamsport Grit.]
A Georgia lady is an eighth wife,
husband sometimes forgets which of them
she is.

Each afternoon at four o'clock,
In jaunty garments drest,
The high school girls march down through t
From three to six abreast.

Ranks well closed up; steps ringing firm
From scores of dainty feet;
You fly or give the walk, or else—
You go into the street.

Gray-bearded men and ladies fair,
Youths, misses, poor and rich;
Unless they stand aside are stood
Full quickly in the ditch.

Oh! high school girls; sweet sidewalk churls;
Thus queen it while you may;
When you are grown girls of your own
Will make you give the way.

[Journal of Education.]

Does naturally have a great deal of
osity, but a dog who has happened
wonder once how a life of porcupine
fastic, seldom is the samson of curio
another time.

Love-Song.

(Anna Katharine Green in "Rielle's Daughters")

My lady sits at her casement—
Oh, beware! how she looks fair!
The jessamine vines about her
Make halo round her hair;
I see, and smile, lift in adoring
The joy and pain within the springing.

My lady smiles from her casement;
She plucks a flower and stands
Holding it close to her bosom
In white translucent hands
The songs I sing loud and higher,
Pleading like hungry flames of fire.

My lady flows from her casement—
The flower has felt her kiss;
Body and soul I know meet it,
The moment beaves with bliss—
When lo! she speaks, and "Love, to thee
She whispers, "Far away on sea,
This kiss, and this, and this!"

Life in Utah.

(Puck.)

Mormon wife (to husband)—Are you
out, dear?

Mormon husband.—Yes, I have a
great deal to do to-night. She
gave me her answer tonight.

A Wish.

[Journal of Education.]

I wish I had a guinea hen.

A score of those "sweet orange" men
Who on the corner stand,
A blacksmith with a big trombone,
And wind to make it howl;
A baggage with its whistle blowing;
A great, big hooting owl;
A screaming parrot, prone to sing;
A crowd of yelling boys—
My pack of short-cut, excited dogs,
That's bound to make a noise.
Oh! then, sweet vengeance would be mine
And retribution, too,
And, if you tell your ear the name,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd make the whole accursed brigade
Play symphonies and things.
Beneath the window of my room
Whose one song is "White Wings,"
Otherwise Occupied.
New Haven, Conn.

"How many times have I
seen this morning, Arthur?"
Arthur (turning over for a fresh snore)
"And she says, 'You don't expect me
to keep the account, do you?'"

Sadie.
(L. D. O'Neen in Puck.)
The freight cars take a rosy glow
Aft'ward the portrait of My Lady;
The red and blue of the window cover
I still sit here and think of Sadie.

I must have been a blundering fool
When I was turning one-and-twenty,
And came to teach the village school,
And she was only six or seventy.
That sat demurely in their places,
With not a thought of fun or play-day,
While the new teacher scanned their faces
And she was only six or seventy.

Two years! Enough to change a maid
From child to woman. (I poor duce!)
To pop the question was afraid,
But Harry Tucker did at once.

Ten years! Enough to change a man
From blundering fool to tide dreamer
And from love to lust matured a plan
And—June eighty we take the stea—

She wears the beauty of a queen—
Perchance to be one has the will.
I love her love but matured a plan
But yet—however—somehow—still—

As freight casts its row glow
Athwart the portraits of My Lady,
And as the shadows come and go—
I still sit here and think of Sade.

Times Have Changed.
(Louisville Post.)

"How stylish have you become since I
girl," said an old lady. "When I was you
we used to wear our dresses up to the n
and our buttons high up the neck. Now I
wear the glove up to the neck and only
button on the dress."

The Mind-Cure Girl.
(Eleanor Kirk in Puck.)

I was sick, and tired and very worn,
I wished from the depths of my heart to be born
And I wanted something I'd never had,
And I wanted it very, very bad.

And I built up a pole of my own, no less,
Not a fig from these thistles ever grow,
I was tired of doctors and doctors' stuff,
And I built up a pole of my own, no less.

My head was dizzy and my legs were thro',
I looked like Mephisto, and felt like him,
So I sent for a mind-cure girl.

On her smooth, white brow—don't you show
A spice of the human—don't you know?
And I chuckled inwardly to see
The playful glint in her eyes.
"Will it take you long, do you think, to read
I asked of the maiden sweet and demure,
As I turned to the book she had handed;
But you see I did not understand.
The ways of the mind—cure girl.
"I'm sure that my pulse intermits," I said;
"Just feel for yourself!" and then she shook, her hair
Looked up at the wall, and then she down, her hair
"What is it," I asked, "great ye trying to find
She answered me soft, "Great heavens! no!"
"My mind do sit 'root on the wall like a fly
"Tis here in the air, and it's there in the air,
And show me the way to conquer despair!
Be a good little mind-cure girl!"
She must have got on to my mind, you see,
For she moved not a winter nor spoke to me
As I turned to the book she had handed;
The ghost of a smile seemed somehow
"Twas a trifle ridiculous thus to roam,
And she'd just as soon look for a mind
home.
So I left heart of grace, and when she's set,
Descended to mine with a glance of surprise
And the dear, rosy lips I heard how I felt,
I replied with the look of a dying smelt:
"Come, snap, little mind-cure girl!"

Wanted—Fart Start.
(Omaha World.)
Omaha makes a statement that not com-
ed me, Dot. When I say a thing is so
must not say that it isn't.
Little Dot—Well, what you said isn't

